

CORNER FOR THE JUNIORS

NEW KIND OF LETTER SCALES

Interesting Experiment for Children Who Are of That Mind—Works Very Nicely.

If you look at the picture you will see a queer apparatus, and when you learn it is a contrivance for weighing letters you will say: "How foolish. It would be far easier to go to the postoffice and allow the man behind the window to weigh the mail and tell you how many stamps to put on it." But there are many children who like to experiment, and for these I will



Letter Scales.

describe the illustration, says a writer in the *Magical Experiments*. Take a worn-out broom. Saw off about ten or fifteen inches of the handle and plunge it into a deep vase of water, with the lower end weighted in such a way that about three-quarters of it is under water. At the top of this stick nail a stout square of cardboard on which to rest the letters. Borrow an ounce, a two-ounce and a half-ounce weight from a friendly druggist and, placing them one at a time upon your balance, carefully mark the exact water level.

All is ready now to weigh your letter. If the broomstick goes just below the ounce, you will know at once that you must pay a double postage and so on. For all ordinary purposes, if accurately gauged, your home-made balance will give satisfaction.

GREAT IMPORTANCE OF SALT

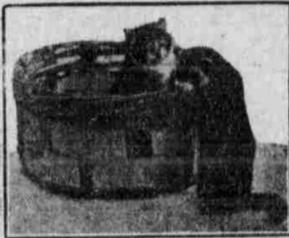
Production is One of Oldest Industries of World—Louisiana Excels in Purity.

Salt production is about the oldest industry in the world. In Italy, the cradle of the salt industry, it has been manufactured commercially for 2,500 years. Salt is so necessary to existence that in some parts of the world tribes will sell the members of their families in exchange for salt. Salt has been the cause of wars, and so important has it always been considered that in some places the passing of salt is established as a token of friendship, and women throw salt on a visitor as a friendly greeting. In some countries salt is so scarce that it is obtained through the ashes of grasses and species of palm and other plants. While salt is produced in almost every country of the world, it is stated that nowhere can salt of such purity be obtained at anything like the cost for mining as in Louisiana.

ALWAYS READY FOR A ROMP

Ferret and Kitten Are Friends and Playmates—Jumbo is Most Playful of the Pair.

The illustration shows a ferret and kitten that are friends and playmates. The ferret, which is named Jumbo, is a most charming pet, being even more playful than Spitfire, the kitten, and together they have great games, rolling one another over, racing after a ball, etc. Jumbo is quite as ready to play with anything else,



Friends and Playmates.

from human beings to the dogs, though I do not allow the latter, for fear they should bite him. It is very pretty to see the ferret come running sideways and jumping off all four legs at once, and saying, "Vut, vut!" when he wants somebody to play with him.

Home Ball Playing.

"Do you play ball?" asked a visitor of small Tommy. "Yes'm," replied little fellow. "Mamma and me has had a game occasionally." "How do you play it?" asked the visitor. "Oh," answered Tommy, "she makes the base hits and I furnish the bowl."

A DOG'S SOLOQUY.



We heard that two-legged folks say three is not the best company. I can't help thinking they are wrong. We're happy as the day is long.

TELEPHONE IS EASILY MADE

Any Bright Boy or Girl Can Construct Apparatus Suitable for Short-Distance Talking.

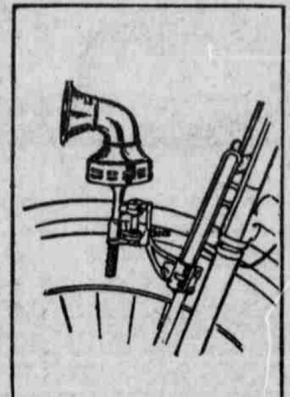
We are so used to the electric telephone that we sometimes forget that quite a serviceable telephone for short-distance talking can be operated without the use of electricity. Any bright boy or girl can make the non-electric telephone. This is the way it may be done:

Melt off the ends of two tomato cans by placing them in the coals for a few minutes. Then cover one end of each can with a piece of soft parchment or rawhide, so that the covered can ends look like drum-heads. The parchment can be bound in place by lapping it over the sides of the cans and tying it down that way with twine. After your drum-heads are finished wax enough twine to extend over the distance between the two places that you wish to establish connections between. Then puncture a small hole in the center of each drum-head, slip an end of the waxed twine through each drum-head and knot the twine so that it can't slip out. You will find that your telephone is complete. All you will have to do is to put the drum-heads in place, so that the twine will draw taut. For instance, put one drum-head in one house and put the other in a neighboring house and draw the twine tight. You will find that when you tap upon the drum-head in one house the sound will be carried to the other house, and that if you talk into the tomato can, or drum-head, receiver in one house, a person listening at the other end of the line can hear you distinctly.

LOUD SIREN FOR A BICYCLE

Apparatus Designed for Motorcycles and Produces Sound by Quite Ingenious Method.

Automobiles are not the only vehicles that can have siren horns. A New York man has designed a similar apparatus for the production of sound



Loud Bicycle Siren.

by an ingenious method. The horn is clapped to the front bar of the cycles and stands some inches in front of it, over the front wheel. A light aluminum fan is mounted in the bottom of the horn and runs on two sets of ball bearings, on the other end of which is a friction pulley, positioned close to the moving tire. A wire runs from this pulley to the handlebar of the cycle, where it is connected with a lever. By pressing this lever the pulley is brought into contact with the tire and revolved, in turn revolving the fan, which generates the air currents and produces the siren. The volume of sound varies with the speed, the loud notes being produced when the machine is going at a rapid rate, a time when a piercing whistle is most needed.

Amusing Magical Experiment.

Soak a piece of thread in strong salt water, dry it, and repeat two or three times. When thoroughly dry tie one end to a chandelier, and on the other tie a ring or some small but not too heavy article.

It is now ready for the experiment. Set fire to the thread, and behold the ring does not fall to the floor, nor does the thread break.

The explanation is: The thread has in reality been burned, but the salt with which the thread was saturated forms a solid column, and that supports the ring. Varied experiments can be made, using several threads for one article, and in fact many others which may suggest themselves to the readers.

POULTRY

KEEPING CHICKENS IN COLD

Inexperienced Poultry Raisers Make Mistake in Furnishing Quarters That Are Too Warm.

One of the mistakes made by nearly all the inexperienced poultry raisers is in keeping the chickens too warm in winter. They cannot bring themselves to believe that the hen is so warmly clad that it can live in the open like a quail, partridge, prairie chicken and other wild fowl.

No one would think of furnishing warm quarters for the sparrow or the wild pigeon. Feathers are non-conductors and as comfortable as furs. They are so thickly placed on the chicken that the cold cannot get through nor can the body heat get out. The only shelter that a chicken really needs is from wet and from drafts.

A chicken that is inured to cold weather is not so apt to get sick. Many coops are open in front, only curtains of burlap or some other cheap material being provided to protect the chicken from stormy weather.

GEESE ARE MORE PROFITABLE

Give Them Good Pasture and About One-Half the Care and Worry That the Turkeys Receive.

If you have got tired of running all over the neighborhood hunting your turkey, try geese. Get a good pair of



Toulouse Goose.

pure-bred Toulouse, or if you prefer white ones the Embdens are all right, but not quite as large. Give them a good grassy pasture and about one-half the care and worry you would give turkeys and you will have more money at the end of the year.

Cheap Insect Powder.

An excellent insect powder may be made by following the formula given below: Take three parts of gasoline and add one part of crude carbolic acid. Mix these together and add gradually, stirring constantly, enough plaster of paris to take up all the moisture. Stir so thoroughly that the liquid will be uniformly distributed through the plaster. This mixture, when dry, will be a pinkish brown powder, having a carbolic odor. For lice or mites on fowls, thoroughly dust and work the powder through the feathers. On about the third day give a second dusting. This will rid the birds of all insects.

POULTRY NOTES

Don't sell cracked or very small eggs.

Grit and oyster shells should not be forgotten.

You can gain two or three cents a dozen by shipping your own eggs.

A filthy hen house is the best breeding place for lice and mites.

If you want eggs in winter we must breed from hens that lay in winter.

The idea that water is necessary to any one who cares to raise ducks is a mistake.

In fly season, keep netting over the egg basket, as fly-specked eggs are not inviting.

Stale bread thoroughly dried and rolled into fine crumbs is excellent chicken food.

It is time for questions about getting fowls to come down out of trees and roost in houses.

Careless and indifferent systems of feeding are often the cause of poor milk yields and small profits.

It is absurd to expect pullets to lay during the early winter when they were not hatched until June or July.

Eggs during the hot weather should be removed from the nests at once and placed in the coolest spot in the house.

There should be provided plenty of fresh clean water to drink, preferably from which the chill has been taken off.

Cabbage heads or mangles make an acceptable green feed for them to pick up, also apple and potato parings are much relished.

In summer time all eggs marketed should be infertile. Such a condition can only exist after the males have been removed from the flocks.

Many beginners make the mistake of not specializing in some way—in eggs, for example, or in pure-bred stock. There is no reason why the two should not be combined.

According to Instructions

By JEAN DICKERSON

Giles Tower reread the telegram and then folded it and tucked it away in his pocket.

"Am detained in town until evening. Meet Lily Black at 2:20 train. Be a dear and amuse her until I come.—Bessie."

"Amuse her, indeed!" repeated Giles wrathfully, waving his pipe at the surrounding furniture. "May I inquire why that precious bit of onyx, Lily Black, must be amused by me—until her mistress arrives? If this is the present status of the servant question, the sooner women obtain suffrage and the men folks take up domestic problems and solve 'em the better!"

There was no reply to Mr. Tower's indignant remarks, for he was all alone in the room. His widowed sister had moved into this pretty suburban villa and the house was hardly settled when the cook, imported from the city, overcame by loneliness and the hooting of nocturnal birds, had packed her telescope bag and departed for town leaving Mrs. Emery and her bachelor brother hungry and forlorn.

This morning Mrs. Emery had gone to town on an early train hoping to persuade an old and favorite handmaid to return to her employment. This ebullient dame rejoiced in the contradictory name of "Lily White," and it had always been Giles Tower's whim to speak of her as "Lily Black"—hence his amazed disgust when he read his sister's message saying that Lily was on her way to Roselawn, and that he was to amuse her until Mrs. Emery's return.

"It that isn't just like Bessie," sighed Giles as he gathered together his sheets of manuscript and locked them away. "It doesn't appear that she has told Lily to prepare a decent meal for me—but there, I suppose Bessie will dine in town and I must feast again from the 'emergency shelf!' Well, here goes for a lunch of some sort."

He went into the disordered kitchen where there were visible evidences of the few scrappy meals he and his sister had contrived to prepare since the departure of the owl-haunted cook the day before. He prowled in the pantry and from the shelves of tinned foods, bottled fruits and biscuit boxes he managed to get together a rather dry and unpalatable meal.

When it was over he left the debris for the further surprise of the coming cook, and going to the garage got out the car and started for the station, thinking resentfully of his interrupted work, and frowning darkly at the remembered instructions of his sister to "amuse Lily Black."

She can amuse herself by toying with the dishpan and dustpan," grumbled Giles. "I suppose I ought to amuse her with the mechanical piano or invite her to a game of tennis!"

The big car swung to a standstill at the station platform just as the train rushed in. Giles left his seat and walked slowly toward the new arrivals. There were about half a dozen in all but nowhere did Giles see the tall, commanding form of his sister's favorite handmaid, Lily White—or Black.

The 2:20 pulled creakingly away to other and more distant suburbs, and the half dozen passengers entered various waiting vehicles and departed—all save one, a slender, fair-haired girl who now and then glanced curiously at Giles as he stood pondering what to do.

The girl was surrounded by various bits of baggage. Giles sought the station agent who was trundling another trunk along the platform. This trunk was a cheap affair of colored metal and peeping from under the lid were various folds of many-hued garments as if the trunk had been packed hurriedly. On one end there struggled a name in white painted letters.

"Miss Lily White, N. Y." Giles gazed with mock sentiment at the frowzy looking trunk. "Tis hers!" he murmured.

"When is the next train due?" he asked the man.

"Three-thirty," was the reply.

"Didn't see anything of a colored woman on this one, did you?" asked Giles, following the agent to the baggage room where Miss Lily White's trunk was unceremoniously dumped on the floor with a bump that made it quiver from rickety end to end.

"Didn't see any colored woman," was the gruff reply, and Giles went back to the car.

The pretty, fair-haired girl left her baggage and went to the station master. Giles watched her as she asked a question, and he heard the low grumble of the man's reply, accompanied by a negative head-shake.

Before she returned Giles had started his machine for a spin during the tedious wait for the next train. Around Roselawn station was a wild, picturesque country quite unsettled as yet, but the roads were good, and it is always pleasant to motor in October. Time passed swiftly enough for Giles, and once more he drew up at the platform just as his train rolled in.

In one swift glance he noted that the pretty girl was still waiting, and that she looked tired and bored.

This time there were only three passengers for Roselawn, and not one of these was the looked-for Lily White. Just as Giles returned disgusted, to his car, the agent, who was also telegraph operator at the little station, approached him with a yellow envelope in his hand.

"Do you happen to be going anywhere near the Tower place, sir?" he asked agreeably.

"I'm going right there—my name's Tower," said Giles, taking the message and paying for it.

He opened it and whistled.

"Find that Lily White also went on 2:20—be sure and get her without fail. I will come down on nine o'clock.—Bessie."

"Lily White also came down with herself on the 2:20!" he groaned. "If that isn't just like a woman messing things up. I wonder if it's some foolish joke of Bessie's! Who in thunder is Lily White?"

"Search me!" ejaculated the station master as he turned away, and as he passed the fair-haired girl who was still waiting, he paused and asked: "Is your name Black, lady?"

"Why, yes, it is," she replied. "Has somebody come for me at last?"

"That there gent is looking for a lady named Black—awhile ago he was asking for a colored lady—and I just took in a trunk labeled 'Lily White.' Somebody's been drinkin', but it ain't me," he said darkly, and disappeared.

Giles was cranking his car when the girl approached him timidly. "I wonder if you are looking for me," she began. "I'm expecting somebody from Mrs. Emery's place."

"Good!" cried Giles heartily. "I'm glad to find somebody for our house. Bessie has done a lot of telegraphing, and I can't make head or tail out of it." He pulled out his telegrams and, with a boyish smile gave them to her. "Are you one of these ladies?" he asked.

She smiled charmingly. "I'm the first one, Lily Black," she explained. "Bessie is a dear friend of mine, and I met her in town this morning and she simply insisted that I go home and pack up some things and come down here for a month or two. As I live in a studio—I was sorely tempted and accepted on the spot. She said she would wire her brother to meet me, but I heard you inquiring for a colored woman, and as the agent didn't know who you were—I asked him—I was compelled to wait!"

"Well, I'm an awful idiot, after all," confessed Giles holding out his hand. "Lily Black is my pet name for our household treasure, the onyx-hued Miss Lily White, and I thought it was she whom Bessie was sending—that explains why I was to amuse her!"

They laughed merrily as he piled her hand luggage in the tonneau, leaving the trunks to follow later. Miss Black had taken her seat beside Giles when a local train crept in from the east.

From this train there emerged a tall, gaunt-figured woman of sooty blackness who glanced about her and made one dive for Giles' panting car.

"Ah, dere, Mister Tower!" she shrieked. "Foh de lan' sako don' you get away widout me!" and the agitated Miss Lily White, who had been accidentally carried a station beyond her destination, leaped into the tonneau and rode triumphantly down to the Emery home.

When Bessie Emery arrived at Roselawn that night she found her brother waiting for her beside the car.

"Did Lily come?" she asked as she got in.

"Which one?" asked Giles mischievously. "White or Black?"

"Gooose!" laughed his sister. "Both, of course."

"Yes, they both came—Lily White has cleaned up the house like magic, and has prepared the most delicious dinner—we are waiting for you."

"And Lily Black—what of her? I hope the poor child wasn't bored, Giles, I told you to amuse her."

"According to your instructions, I tried to," said Giles, whimsically. "It's an old game, though—as old as the hills. It takes two to play it—and of course you haven't allowed me much time yet."

"You dear!" cried Bessie, suddenly enlightened, and she kissed him. "Isn't she a darling?"

"She is!" said Giles emphatically.

Reward.
"So you have been a newspaper poet?" asked St. Peter at the gate.

With bowed head the new arrival confessed to the error of his ways.

"What have you to say for yourself?" asked the saint.

"I have never parodied Omar Khayyam."

"Very Good."
"I have never parodied 'Maud Muller.'"

"Better still."
"And I have never done violence to that classic of childhood, 'Mary's Little Lamb.'"

"Enter!" cried St. Peter, shedding grateful tears. "The best is none too good for you."

Evidence of Insanity.
"Doctor, I want you to come and examine my husband."

"What seems to be the matter with him?"

"I am afraid he is losing his mind. Last night we were talking about the necessity of reducing our living expenses and he said I would have to spend less money than I've been spending for clothes and help in the house."

"There's nothing strange about such a declaration."
"I know; but after he had made it he said: 'Get that imbedded in your bean.'"

The Onlooker

By WILBUR D. NESBIT

BROTHER ZIMMERMAN



"Nobody loves a millionaire," Eugene Zimmerman.

Clasp hands with me, my friend Eugene, For I, like you, each day endure A loveless life, all unshared. Because, forsooth, I am so poor. The auto-agent loves me not. The jewel-merchant stands apart And, knowing what I haven't got, He has for me a marble heart.

The dealers in old masters, too, Treat me with haughty, chilling ways—I fancy they've some love for you, They always love the man who pays. The steam yacht builders gaze on me—That is, if e'er they gaze at all—As folk who cannot even see, My name is one they can't recall.

And landscape gardeners—why, they, Don't even treat me with respect; And you should once observe the way I'm snubbed by every architect. Forgetfulness is fashioned of—You'd think that he had read somewhere That pity is akin to love.

There is a man who holds my note, He calls me up—and calls me down; I'm sure on me he does not date, Because he views me with a frown. The butcher, grocer, coalman, clerk Who sells me clothes marked very low, The boss for whom I try to work—They never have much love to show.

Come, mingle your salt tears with mine; In unison our sighs exhale; Let us in dual style repine. And I shall give you wall for wall. Nobody loves a millionaire—Alas, I fear that is quite so. Would I were one! I should not care, For I've observed they love his dough.

The War.
It is estimated that the cost of the war between Turkey and Italy will about equal Caruso's salary for one season or the Terrible Turk's share of the prize money for one wrestling match.

Whatever awkward hitches and delays there may be in the early conduct of the conflict are attributed to the fact that this is the first war for many years that has not been person, ally conducted by James Creelman.

Those desiring to maintain a state of neutrality will, when they drink Chianti with their dinner, conclude with Turkish cigarettes.

Attempts to inspire paragraphs to the effect that Italy's war ultimatum may prove to be a premature Thanks, giving proclamation leading to the dismemberment of Turkey has thus far, signally failed.

Its Handicap.
"Why are you so busy?" asks the ant of the inchworm. "I have always been a symbol of industry, but you are evidently trying to make a record."

"Not exactly that," explains the inchworm. "I am only trying to leave my footprints on the sands of time, and as a result I have to cover twelve times as much ground as heretofore."

One or the Other.
The traveling phenologist fingers the head of the wren little man with great interest. Resting his thumb upon a particularly large bump, he ventures:

"My friend, if you are not a married man you are undoubtedly gifted with the greatest capacity for command of any man on earth."

The Astute Professor.
"Now," said the other member of the faculty, "if you carry your theory out to its logical conclusion, the public will—"

"Not a bit of it," remarked the astute professor. "I'll not carry the theory to a logical conclusion. If I do that the public will never pay any attention to it."

Out of Fashion.
Agnes—Appendicitis is not quite so fashionable as it was.

Gladys—No, even a swollen appendix would spoil the set of the present day gowns.

Land is at Last Sighted.
Shipwrecked Passenger—What do we do now?

Shipwrecked Seaman—I swim ashore and save myself and then swim out and save you.

There's nothing strange about such a declaration.

I know; but after he had made it he said: "Get that imbedded in your bean."

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